

Our First Date

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Summary: Sam and Julie go out on their first date. Guess who else shows up.

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Sam Gutherie laid across his bed with his feet dangling off on one side, the cordless phone receiver placed securely against the side of his head. A busy signal blared from the other party's line into his ear. He pressed the off button down to disconnect the line. It was the third time that night he'd tried the number that the beautiful auburn haired girl had given to him.

He let out a long breath as he rolled over to where the base was sitting on his night stand. He dropped his head low off the opposite of his feet in despair.

Sam replayed tonight's scene over and over in his head. His reaction when he'd first seen Julie, the four guys pinning him to the side of Rogue's truck, Rod's smashing his fist through the window, himself, flipping Rod off of him, the sound of the approaching police sirens then he and Bobby making a hasty retreat.

He let out another long sigh as he rolled back over to the middle of the bed coming up with his head facing the ceiling.

A knock on his door startled him. "Come in!"

Robert Drake stuck his head in through the crack of the door. "Hi Sam, have you called her yet?"

Sam sat up from the bed, "Yeah," he frowned. "Three times already," he grimaced. "Suppose she give me a fake number to ditch me? Maybe she don't want to date a Mutant? She probably thinks I morph into an octopus or a lizard." Ah Man! He slapped his hand over his eyes as he let himself fall back down against the mattress.

Bobby laughed as he came further into the room. "Sam, you are imagining things. Besides, I've come to tell you that I tried Sharon's number too. Her mother said that she had not gotten home yet." He shook his head, No. "It really has not been that long since we left them, it just feels that way." He smiled, "I bet they probably went into the restaurant to eat after we left."

"I hope so." Sam let his hands drop back down beside him on the bed.

Bobby started pacing in front of where Sam sat. "Uh Sam?"

"Yeah Bobby."

"When did you plan on telling Rogue about her truck's glass?"

Sam sat up. "First thing tomorrow morning. Might as well get it over with." He visibly shook at the prospect of telling her. "I don't know what's worse, telling her about the truck or telling Cyke about the fight?"

"Neither one stands to help us any, but ..."

"But?" Sam pulled his brows together, "But what?"

"I sort of have a plan."

This was the first good news Sam had heard since they'd gotten home. "Yeah, yeah?" He urged Bobby on.

"You have not been here that long, so I'm going to school you on how things work around here." Bobby hooked his thumbs in his pants as stopped pacing in front of Sam.

"I'm all ears." What's this clown talking about?

"First things, first. Be sure if you tell Rogue, that Remy is nearby. Better yet, tell him what happened first. If he is on your side, he'll help soften the blow with Rogue."

"What makes you so sure he'll help us?"

Bobby was aghast at Sam's naivety. "Are you kidding? Remy is an incurable romantic. He is the type that would fight to the death for a woman, any woman. He'll fall right into the part of you defending the beautiful damsel's honor."

Hummm, he's got a point. Sam nodded in agreement with Bobby's summation of Gambit's character.

"You get him on your side, Rogue will be a synch." He sputtered in laughter. "You know, I think he may have been 'Robin Hood' in a previous life?"

Sam joined in laughing as he sprung up from the bed. "O.K. Bobby," chuckled Sam. "Now how do you handle Cyclops?"

The smile immediately left from Bobby's face, "You don't." He shook his head, No. "No one can reason with him. General MacArthur was a

pussy cat compared to Scott," he groaned. "I think we should not tell him."

"What? ... But ... what if he finds out some other way?"

"The punishment will be worse. But I think if we just tell Gambit and maybe Rogue, they'll keep quiet if we ask them."

"I don't know Bobby, I sort of feel funny about not being honest with Cyclops."

A Boy Scout to the end. "If you decide to tell Cyclops, make sure Remy is no where in sight."

Sam arched his brow at Bobby's statement, "Really ... Why?"

"Have you been asleep the whole while you've been here?" Sam shrugged his shoulders up. "Cyke hates him and blames him for just about every screw up we all do."

Sam frowned, "Well I've sort of noticed that. Why does he do that?" It was a puzzled to Sam, but every time one of them did not measure up to Scott's standards, he'd blame Remy for it. He'd often wondered why Gambit did not just toss a few cards his way.

Bobby shrugged, "It may have something to do with the fact that Jean was sort of sweet on Remy at one time."

"What? You are making that up." Sam could not believe his ears. Not Jeanie! She has always loved Scott!

"Have you not ..." he threw his hands up in frustration. "Of course you haven't noticed. Every time she thinks no one is looking, she's eyeing him. I've even heard her talk about how he looks." He chuckled, "Unfortunately, so did Cyke."

"I don't believe you. You're making that up. You're joking ... right?"

Bobby shook his head, No. "No." Boy, I bet he still believes in the Tooth Fairy! "Want to know why Jean doesn't get along with Betsy too well?"

Sam shook his head hard from side to side. "NO! No! I've had enough shock for one night, No!"

Bobby shrugged his shoulders up, "Suit yourself."

As far as Remy and Cyclops was concerned, every thing made sense to him now. Why there was so much animosity between the two men. "Jean once liked Gambit?" He echoed.

Bobby added, "Remy doesn't help matters. He likes to sort of rub Scott's nose in it."

Sam's brain shifted back to the original subject. He'd have to ask about the 'would be triangles' another time. "Hey!!" He pointed a finger at Bobby. "You are talking like you aren't going to be there with me!"

"I'll be there, but you will get held responsible because she left the truck with you."

Sam arched one brow at Bobby, "It was your idea to stop!"

Bobby shook his head, Yes. "Yeah, I know that and I plan to tell them that too. Whatever happens, we'll split the blame." He turned to grab the door knob. "We're partners in crime. I would not let you go down like that."

Turning to knob on the door, Bobby stepped across the threshold. "Stop by my room before you go down in the morning." He pointed at the phone before he turned to leave, "Call Julie!" He turned, heading back down the hall to his room.

Sam let the door shut behind him.

Chapter 2

Sam took a running leap as he dove for the middle of the bed. He bounced hard a couple of times before coming to rest near the top pillows of the bed. Picking up the receiver, he pressed the redial button. Maybe four is the charm?

Sam held his breath as he listened for the connection on the line. He let out a sigh of relief when it finally started to ring. Now as long as it is not the number to 'Chicken Licken,' I'm in business. He waited.

"Hello," came the female voice over the line.

"Hello, may I speak to Julie?"

"Is this Sam?"

"Yes!"

"Hi Sam, it's me, Julie!"

Sam immediately relaxed, "Hi Julie. I've been trying to call you every since we got home." A vision of the beautiful girl danced in his head as he smiled.

"I'm sorry Sam. Angela, one of the girls that was with us, decided at the last minute that she was actually hungry." She laughed. "You ought to seen how fast I rushed everyone to swallow their food, so I could get back here for your call."

He laughed back. "You didn't have to do that. I would have kept on trying." He could almost see her smile over the phone.

"Julie?"

"Yes."

"Your line was busy. So if you were at the restaurant . . ."

"My baby sister want stay out of my room or off my line." She sighed. "She's only twelve but thinks she is twenty-one." She interrupted.

"Oh, that explains it then."

"Julie?"

"Yes."

"What happened after we left?"

He was surprised to hear her start to snicker. "Sharon told the police that Rod and his gang were drunk. The police took them away in their cruiser." She laughed.

"You're kidding."

"Nope."

They both laughed. "She's crazy," said Julie. "I hope Bobby knows what he's getting into."

Sam chuckled, "I hope she knows what she's getting into with Bobby."

"Seems like they're made for each other." She got real quiet on her end. He's stalling. "Sam?"

"Yeah."

"Aren't you going to ask me out?"

Sam froze. Talk about taken the bull by the horns..., "Yeah ... , yes Julie, but ... ,"

"But what? I like you, you like me what buts?" She interrupted. Julie was on pins and needles.

"Well yes, but after what happened last night with the fight and my friend's truck," This is embarrassing. I can't tell her I maybe grounded and can't see her. Sam took another moment to reflect. He knew that if he told Cyclops about what had happened, it would be probably another month before he would get a chance to see her again. So he knew what he had to do.

"Sam?"

"Nothing," he said shyly. "I was thinking about something. How's tomorrow night?"

"Great!" Julie breathe a sigh a relief. "What would you like to do?" "I thought maybe we could go see a movie. There is a new Pierce Brosden film in the Cinemas now. Do you like action films?"

"Yes Sam, I do."

"Great! Give me your address and I'll pick you up around 7 o'clock."

Julie told him her address. They talked, it seems like forever to Sam. He wanted to know everything about her, school, family, friends,

hobbies, likes, dislikes, wills and wants. It was amazing how much they were alike to not to have known each other before now.

There was one difference, one very big difference between them. It stayed in the back of Sam's mind the whole while he talked with her. He knew that it was only a matter of time before he would have to reveal his powers to her. It's not like I turned into some hideous creature. No, I just fly and I'm invulnerable while I fly. He frowned once he had placed the receiver back down on the telephone's base.
"How is a teenage girl going to take that?"

Chapter 3

It was still early when Sam stopped by Bobby's on his way to Remy's room. Bobby was very disagreeable about having to get out of his bed so early. But Sam reasoned to him that in order to avoid Cyclops learning about anything, they'd have to go to Gambit as early as possible. This would give Rogue time to throw her fit and time for Gambit to placate her mood.

Sam knocked on Remy's door. It took a while for someone to answer. Thank goodness it was Gambit. He cracked the door open, "Wha'?"

"It's us Remy, Sam and Bobby. Sorry for waking you up so early but we need to talk to you."

Gambit squinted, trying to adjust his eyes to bright morning light as he came further out into the hallway. He quietly closed his door behind him. Wearing pajama bottoms, his hair draped around his shoulders, a 5 o'clock shadow outlined his jaw line and under his nose. "Ya boys best have a good reason for wak'in Gambit out of his beauty sleep," he yawned then he stretched.

"Sorry for waking you Gambit but we need your help."

Gambit scratched his head, rearranging his hair. He raised one eyebrow. "My help? What'd do? Hurt Rogue's truck?" He chuckled.

Bobby gritted his teeth and made a face. "That's exactly what we did do." He looked back at Sam.

Gambit looked at both young men. The smile immediately leaving his face. "I made de joke fellas, ya' not laughing."

Sam was the first to answer him, "It's no joke Remy, that's why we are not laughing."

"Oh Medre!" Gambit sliced one of his hands in their direction. "She gonna have a fit!" He walked over to Sam. "How bad is it?"

"Not bad, just the glass on the passenger side was knocked out."

"...just on the passenger side was knocked out." He mocked Sam. "Ya mine tell'in me how ya accomplish dis task?"

Sam and Bobby regaled Remy with the events of what happened to them

after they parted from him and Rogue at the store. Remy listened intently, with his arms folded and his chin in the palm of his hand. He only nodded occasionally as he paced back and forward in front of them.

"... and that's how it happened." Finished Sam.

Gambit halted his steps, "Ya not gonna tell Cyke are ya?"

Bobby shook his head vigorously, No. Sam admitted that he had thought about it.

"Ya do and it be ano'tha month before ya see dat pretty lit'le girl ya say ya met," he frowned. An idea came to Gambit. "Tell ya wha' ... wait here." Gambit disappeared back into his room.

Sam looked at Bobby. He shrugged his shoulders because he did not have a clue to what Gambit was up to.

Gambit came back out of the door. "Here."

Sam took the worn business card out of his hand. It said,

"Pete's Auto body and Glass: Opened 24 hours a day, 7 days a week."

"Take de truck, go here. Tell dem I send ya. Dey'll take care of it."

"But aren't we going to have to tell Rogue?" Asked Sam.

Remy raised his eye browse. "Do ya like liv'in?" Asked Gambit

They both answered, "Yes."

"Den do wha' I tell ya. Fix de truck first. Give it a good wash so she can't tell the different glass. Den if ya have ta, tell Rogue last. Believe me, it's safer dat way."

Cool. "Thanks Remy! Ya saved my life," exclaimed Sam.

"Ya know, com'in from someone who damaged Rogue's truck', ya probably right." He smiled. "Now go on before it gets any later. I'll stall her away from de truck for a couple of hours.

Bobby slapped Remy on the back, "Thanks man, ya all right."

Gambit nodded before he went back into his room. Kids!

"Whew!! This turned out better than I could've hoped," said Sam as he turned with Bobby to go down stairs. "Gambit comes off sleezy sometimes, well heck, most of the time. But he was there when we needed him."

Gambit had stalled Rogue as long as he could. But he was running out of excuses. She kept insisting that there was a layaway she needed to pick up from one of the shops in town.

"Chere, drive de Ghini." He offered. Where dose two boys at wit' dat truck!

"Ah don't want to drive the Lamborghini! Ah want tah drive mah truck!" She walked slowly around Gambit. He's hid'in some'thin or up tah some'thin. She came back around in front of him. "Alraht Remy, where's mah truck?" Oh shoot! If dey don' show up soon, I'm gon'na have ta tell her myself? "Chere, de fellas ..."

"Hey Remy!" Interrupted Sam. He and Bobby were just coming from the direction of the garage.

Whew!! "Hey fellas. T'ings go alright?"

"Everything is copastatic."

Rogue turned to face them with her back to Gambit. She had suspicion written all over her face. "Sam, is there anything wrong with mah truck?"

Gambit shook his head hard, NO! from behind her.

Sam saw Remy's gesture. "No Rogue. It's fine. We just wanted to give it a good washing before we brought it back to you." He laid on her his best smile as he handed her the keys.

Rogue's suspicious mood melted. "Thanks fellas. That was so sweet of yah. Ah was go'in tah wash her later today, but thanks for the gesture." She smiled back to them both as she put her keys inside her leather jacket's inside pocket.

"We unloaded it too." Added Bobby. "Everything was put in the workshop." He pointed at the structure standing off in the distance.

Gambit cocked his head to one side, Wha' she done bought? "Chere, wha'd ya buy last night?"

Ut oh! Rogue did not want Gambit to know that she had thrown another tantrum. He had scolded her mercilessly the last time. She turned back to Gambit, smiling sweetly, "Ah bought some things that we always can use around here..." she paused laying off one hand to him "... Yah know, in case some'thin needs fix'in."

"Oh." Satisfied with her answer, Gambit grabbed her fatigue clad arm. "C'mon Chere. We due in de Danger Room in five minutes." He pulled her away from their younger teammates. "Ya have ta go shopp'in later."

Sam and Bobby watched the two head toward the mansion. Rogue turned quickly before she fell in stride with Gambit. She winked at Sam, letting him know to keep her secret. Sam winked back. To his jargon, then Remy turned around opposite her and winked at him too. He chuckled at the 'little white lies the couple told each other.'

"Relationships." Said Bobby. "Speaking of relationships ... did you ever hear from Julie last night?"

"Yeah. We are suppose to go out tonight."

"Cool." Nodded Bobby. "Where ya going?"

"I don't know. I'm suppose to pick her up around seven o'clock. Maybe a movie. I have not decided yet." Sam shrugged his shoulders.

Bobby looked at his watch, "Well your mini-team's sequence is due up after Rogue & Gambit's are finished, that gives you about six or seven hours to come up with something."

"Yeah, right." Sam turned with Bobby to go back into the house. Bobby rattled on about something, but for the life of him, Sam did not hear a word he said. His mind was totally fixed on the upcoming evening and seeing the auburned hair beauty again.

Chapter 4

To be on the safe side, Sam borrowed one of the mansion cars for his date with Julie. He did not want to run the risk of having to 'tap dance' around any of his teammates again. That was a close call with Rogue. No sense in inviting lightning to strike twice, he reasoned to himself as he followed the directions of the address Julie had given him the night before.

"342 ... 343 ... 344 345 West Hampton Lane. This must be it." Sam slowed the small sedan down as he pulled up in front of the large split-level wood home. It was still very daylight outside, so he got a good look at the house. Done in a 'cape cod' design, the roof came half way down the structure of the house, pass the top floor windows. Black shutters accented the lovely design. The front yard was large and emaculately done with flowers and bradford pear trees. It was exactly as Julie had described it.

Sam let out a long breath, No sense in stalling any longer. Her turned the car into the double cement driveway. Putting it into park, he killed the engine then got out.

He had chosen to wear his tan colored brushed Dockers, a black over-long lattice style belt that he looped at the buckle, a blue, white, green striped Izod shirt, black penny loafers and a brown fold-over lapel leather jacket that he had borrowed from Gambit.

His over long bangs brushed the cheeks of his face as he walked to the front door. He took a deep breath, "Here goes." He pressed the door bell.

The door opened in front of him. A carbon copy of Julie stared at him wide-eyed. She was a good deal younger and smaller, but there was no mistaking that she and Julie were related. "Hi," she said. "You must be Sam."

"Yes," he nodded. "I'm here to pick up Julie."

She reached out to open the front glass door for him, "Come in." She backed away from the door to allow him to come all the way in.

Sam let the outside door close behind him as he stepped into the foyer. The young girl walked behind him to close the main door. "Julie is still getting ready. Moma says, you are not suppose to keep people waiting. I don't think Julie hears her."

Sam laughed. "That's O. K., I'm a little early," he smiled down to the girl. "And your name is ...?"

"Angel, Angel Alexander. Would you like to have a seat while you wait?" She pointed to the left toward the downstairs level where the Den was located.

"Thanks." Sam followed Angel down the steps into a beautiful large sitting area.

"Have a seat." She gestured to one of the large white leather sofas that sat parallel to each other in front of the fireplace. "I'll go see what's keeping her." She trotted toward the steps they'd just come down. Angel paused mid way, "Ya know, if I had a man that looked like you calling on me ..." she cocked her pretty head to one side "... I'd be ready when he got here." She winked.

Sam paused half way down to the chair. His mouth fell open in shock. She giggled then continued on her journey to fetch her older sister. Now I know what Julie means by twelve going on twenty-one. "Whew!" He whistled between his teeth as he allowed himself to relax down into the comfortable chair.

He was surveying his surroundings when the front door opened and closed. A large, settled aged man dressed in a sharp business suit, appeared in the foyer. He carried a brief case in one hand and a laptop case over one shoulder. With one foot, he kicked his leg back to shut the door. This must be her father, reasoned Sam.

The man turned in his direction as he stood to greet him from his seat. Never had Sam been more nervous in his life. He wanted to make a good impression. The last thing he wanted was to alienate any of Julie's family.

Mr. Alexander laid his items on the credenza in the hallway before he started down the steps toward Sam.

Sam swallowed hard as the stout man approached him. "Good evening Sir. My name is Sam, Sam Guthrie." He out stretched his hand toward the older man. "I'm here to pick up Julie for the evening."

Mr. Alexander studied the young blonde man in front of him. I hope this one is better than the last one that came through here. He paused to look Sam's outstretched hand. You can tell a lot by a man's handshake. If it is good and firm, he's confident and strong. If it is weak and flimsy, he's scared and weak minded.

Sam waited, seems like an eternity for the other man to take his hand. When he did, Sam made sure that he shook the man's hand firmly. It was something about handshaking his father had always told him, but at the moment he could not remember what.

Good, firm handshake, I like this kid. Mr. Alexander's face broke into a large smile as he released Sam's hand. "How do you do ma' boy. My name is Henry, Henry Alexander." He looked at his watch. "Julie keep you waiting long." He gestured for Sam to retake his seat as he came to sit opposite him. "Have you met Mrs. Alexander?"

Oh no! "No I ..."

"Martha! Come meet Julie's date for tonight!" He yelled.

Angel bound in Julie's bedroom. Her long auburn hair swung in a ponytail down her back as she moved.

"Hey!" Julie turned from her vanity. "Who said you could come in my room?"

"Ahhh, finish your make up will ya. Sam's here."

Julie almost squealed, "Really?"

"Yeah." Angel faked a swoon before she fell on Julie's bed. "Man he's something." She patted her chest mocking her heart beat. "You'd better hurry ... I thought I heard Dad come in before I got up here."

"Oh no!"

Martha Alexander appeared at the top of the steps, wearing an apron and cleaning her hands off on a dish towel. Now Sam knew where Julie took her looks after because she did not look a thing like her father.

Sam rose again to meet the older woman, "Hello ma'am." He reached for her hand. She wave to him. "That's alraht son, mah hand's are still wet from washing the dinner dishes." He bowed to her instead.

She jestured for him to sit back down

"Do Ah detect a slight southern drawl Mr. Guthrie?"

"Yes ma'am, you do. I'm originally from Kentucky."

"Ah'm originally from Georgia mahself. What brings yah tah New York? Ah married this Yankee," she waved to Mr. Alexander. He blew a kiss back at her.

Ut oh! Here it comes, thought Sam. The endless interagation as parents pick you apart to see if you measure up.

" "Moma! Daddy!" Julie's voice sounded from behind where her mother stood on the landing. "You aren't trying to scare him off like you did the others are you?" She spied squinting eyes at both of them.

Whew!! Saved by the bell! Julie came into Sam's view. The sight of her, literally took his breath away. She was dressed in a blue/grey silk pant suit with matching high heels and bag. Her hair hung loosely around her shoulders except for the sides. They were cut in an angel to cradle her beautiful face. Wow!! Thought Sam. She looks even more beautiful then when I saw her last night.

Mr. Alexander laughed. "No sweatheart, we're just getting to know him a little."

Julie made her way pass her mother to come stand next to Sam. She ignored the stares that she was getting from her family. "Hi Sam." She smiled up to him.

"Hi Julie." He smiled back.

Angel walked up behind her mother. "Will you look at how they are gushing all over each other."

Martha Alexander turn to her younger daughter, "Don't you have Algebra to do?"

"Rats!" Angel turned then stomped back up the upper level stair case.

Julie leaned close to Sam, "Let's get while the getting is good," she whispered. "Well, we will be going now." She pulled on Sam's arm. He fell into step behind her as they neared the steps that lead up to the entry way. Martha stepped to one side out of their way.

"Nice meet'in y'all," he waved as Julie shoved him out the front door, shutting the door behind them.

"Drive safe!" Yelled Julie's Dad.

Martha made a face at her husband. She could always tell when one of the girls was hiding something or up to somehting. She spied on them through the lead glass of the main door. "I wander what that girl is hiding?"

He shrugged as he took a seat in front of the wide screen TV.
"Teenagers." He said as he picked up the remote.

Chapter 5

"Hold ... Hold ... hold it!" Sam paused halting his steps momentarily by the sedan. "What was that all about?"

"Could you not tell that my mother was about to give you the 'twenty question test?'"

He smiled. "Yes, I could. But the way you handled it, she'll have even more questions when I see her again." He came around to her side of the car. "Julie, why did you do that? Do your family not like Mutants?"

She frowned. "That's not it Sam. It is embarrassing for me for them to do that."

He opened the passenger side door for her to enter. Once she was securely in, he close the door for her. Sam made his way around the car. He got in and closed his door with a definite click.

Sam shook his head, No. "You should've told them. I don't want to have to walk on egg shells every time I come over."

Every time he comes over? "Sam, are we going to go steady?" I sincerely hope so.

OOPS! Freudian slip. Sam blushed red as a beet. "I ... I ... well ... that is ..." he stuttered. "... If you let me come call on you again?" He busied himself starting the car to hide his embarrassment.

Julie smile brightly. She put a reassuring hand on his arm to stop his agitated movements. "I feel the same way." She leaned over close to him, planting a butterfly light kiss on his jaw. "Of course you can."

Sam robitcally sat back in his seat, staring at her. He lifted his hand to caress where she'd kissed him. That was nice. He could not say anything. All his thoughts were jumbled in confusion. He smiled back to her before he put the car into reverse then backed out of her driveway.

It was decided that since the next show did not start until 7:30 p.m. that they would go straight to the theater. The Ominplex was packed. Sam had to park way out on the outside realm of the huge parking lot.

They both stared up at the marquee that told what shows were playing. It was not an easy choice because the complex housed over sixteen different theaters.

"Well, what will it be? A love story? Action Adventure? Cutt'em Up? or Comedy? Whatever you like?" He asked Julie as she still gazed up at the marquee.

"Hummm," she thought. "Isn't that the movie..." she pointed at the title. "... that you mentioned you wanted to see?"

"Yeah but I can come see it anytime. Tonight is your choice."

"Then I want to see that one."

He raised his eye browse at her. "What? No Love Story?" He teased.

She blushed. "O. K., O. K. Love Stories always make me cry and I did not bring any tissues."

Sam laughed. "That's very warm of you Julie..." He smiled down to her. "The crying part, that is."

Sam placed a possessive arm around her waist as he directed her to the ticket booth. "Two to see 'James Bond' please," he told the female clerk. Then he gave her the price of admission. She in returned gave him two tickets that had the word 'Bond' written on them.

"Popcorn? Soda? Candy?" He asked as they neared the concession stand.

"No. I don't want to spoil my appetite."

"I hope you don't mind if I get a small box. I haven't eaten since breakfast this morning." She shook her head, No. "One small box and a small cherry soda," Sam told the attendant.

Julie thought, That sounds good. "Wait, maybe I will have some."

Sam smile then nodded, "Make that a large box with two medium cherry sodas."

The attendant placed their purchase on the glass counter in front of them. "That will be \$10.75 Sir."

Ouch! Dating is expensive these days. He never broke any kind of expression as he reached into his hind pocket for his wallet. He handed it attendant a twenty.

"Wow! That's expensive!" Julie looked at their purchase. "There's a diamond ring in the bottom of the box, right?" She told the attendant.

"Julie!"

"Cute." The attendant laughed as she gave Sam back his change.

"Sam, I can split the cost with you?" She reached for her purse. "These prices are ridiculous."

Isn't that sweet. "No Julie I got it covered." Thanks to a small loan from Cyclops on next month's allowance. He winked at her. "You can pay next time."

She smiled back to him. "Deal."

They gathered their snacks off of the counter. Sam carried to sodas while Julie carried the popcorn. She hurried in front of him to hold the theater door open for them to enter.

The medium sized arched-chaired room was half full. The room was designed with Dolby Surround Sound so the people in the seats could get the maximum feel of the vibrations of the sounds.

Sam followed closely behind her as she picked out two seat in the middle aisle for them. "We ought to be able to feel and see everything from here." She plopped down in one of the comfortable rocking, cushioned chairs.

"Don't count on it," grimaced Sam. "This is where usually someone with a large hat or hairdo comes in and sits in front of me."

Julie laughed. "I thought that only happened to me?"

They exchanged small talk and crunched popcorn as they waited for the show to start. Ten minutes later, the curtain rose, the lights dimmed and the upcoming attractions displayed before them on a semi circled screen.

Sam leaned over to Julie. "Thanks Julie."

She pulled her brows together, "Thanks? For what?"

"I've been wanting to see this movie, but had never gotten around to it."

"Ah Sam," she blushed. "You're welcome."

The film scrolled on the screen in front of them, but Sam did not notice. All he could think about was the beautiful girl at his side. "Are you cold?"

"A little."

"Here let me." Sam leaned forward, pulling the jacket he had on off, he placed it around her shoulders when she sat up.

"Thank you," she smiled. A gentleman and gorgeous to boot. How lucky can one girl get?

"You're welcome," he smiled back as he placed his right arm around her shoulders on the back of her seat. Julie automatically leaned close to him.

The movie progressed to the point where the first explosion rocked the theater. It was so powerful that Sam wondered could the theater take much more.

One explosion after the other shook the theater. But something was wrong. The star of the picture, was currently involved in a love scene. He hadn't blown anything up on screen in the last five minutes. Everyone realized at the same time that the force of the blast was coming from outside the Ominplex.

Julie looked at Sam and Sam looked at her. Everyone in the theater rose from their seats to go up front to see what was going on.

"Let's go check it out!" Julie urged excitedly.

Sam was hesitant, but he reasoned that if there was an outside explosion that they may not be so safe in the middle of the theater.

"O. K., But stay close to me." She shook her head in agreement.

Sam caught a hold on Julie's hand as they wove their way through the crowd that had gathered at the front glass panes of the theater.

Oh NO!! It can't be!! Not now!!!

Julie wedged her way beside Sam at the front glass. "What's going on?"

Sam stared out into the parking lot as the dust cleared to reveal the Blackbird descending on the far end. Everyone around him pointed as a team of Mutants disembarked into a combat formation in front of the plane. He could not see who their opponent was as of yet. Then a cloud of dust rose as a odd shape purple craft descended in front of the X-Men. The Nasty Boys. Sinister!

Julie pulled on his arm, "Sam who are they?" He looked down at her. She looked scared. "What are they doing?"

Sam let out a long sigh. "They're preparing to fight." He began to pull away from her, heading for the door.

"Sam! Where are you going?"

He painfully looked back at her, "I have to leave now." He tossed her the keys. "I'll pick the car up tomorrow if I can."

"Leave now...?" She frowned "Pick the car up tomorrow?" She frowned more. "If I can?" She followed him as he went out the front door.

"Samuel Guthrie. You tell me what's going on?" She pulled on his arm to halt his steps.

He turned toward her. "I have to go to work. Maybe I can get them to take the battle some where else." He looked in the direction of the circling teams, ready to pounce. Sam pulled out of her grasp, then stopped. He quickly turned back to her for one last look before he left.

What's he talking about ... Work? "Sam?" She asked anxiously.

"Julie" he paused. "I'm an X-Man."

Chapter 6

X-Man? "X-MEN!!!!" Oh my god! She had heard of them. A Mutant Combat Team that fought against rogue Mutants that wanted to hurt humans and other mutants. They were known for only using their Mutant Powers for good. And Sam was one of them. "How about that?" That meant Bobby was one of them too! She stared wide-eyed, mouth gaping open as she watched Sam slightly bend at the knees and jump up into the air. She was totally awe struck to see the bottom half of his body convert to a blazing blast of fire. Sort of like a cannon. He took off in a loud flash toward the large blue plane.

So that's his mutant power? He flies. She watched as he landed in the middle of the two teams. Julie could not hear what he was saying but he was jesturing to a man that wore a gold colored visor. The man shook his head then pointed at a pasty face man in a dark blue armoured outfit with a odd looking cape. When it looked like the pasty-faced man wouldn't listen. The man in the visor shot some type of red energy blast at him. He doubled over in pain. His team quickly ran to his side to aid him. Whatever was done, must have did the trick, because the team then help the pasty-faced one back into their plane. The purple plane then took off first, leaving the X-Men behind. The guy with the visor must have been the leader because he made a quick motion, then they all started to board the plane after him. Julie caught a faint glimpse of Sam. He stopped long enough to look back in her direction before he finally got on the plane, the door automatically closing behind him. It took off in a 'Whoosh' of air behind the other plane.

"Woe! Wait until I tell Sharon!" Maybe I could go back in to see the rest of the movie to blow some time? She looked around her. The people that stood at the theater's glass looked at her hard. "Welp, guess I can't go back in there." She shook the keys in her hand as she turned toward the parking lot. "I wonder if she is at home?"

Sam sat in one of the seats near the back of the plane, his head in his hand, his elbows on his knees. What is she going to think of me now?

Bobby came to sit in the chair across the aisle from him. He handed him his combat fatigues. "Ya better change into this if you don't want to mess up your clothes when we land." Sam never moved. "Had you told Julie what your power was yet? Had you told her about us?"

Sam did not answer. He shook his head, No.

Bobby gritted his teeth. "Well look at it this way..."

Sam raised his head to look at him.

"... Now you want have to." He shrugged.

Sam still never answered. He just dropped his head back into his hands.

"Good Evening Mrs. Walters, is Sharon home?" Julie stood out side her best friend's house front door.

"Why yes Julie, come right in." She motioned for her to enter. "She's upstairs doing her hair."

"Thanks." Julie hurried pass Mrs. Walters then up the steps then to the left to Sharon's room. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me."

Sharon wrapped a large towel around her wet hair as she made her way to the door. She turned the knob to let Julie in. "Hey girl! What's up?" Julie walked in pass her. Sharon shut the door behind her as she followed her. "Julie, didn't you have a date with Sam tonight?"

Julie threw her purse in a chair over by Sharon's window. She then plopped down hard on Sharon's bed, looking at the ceiling above her. "Yeah, I did."

Sharon looked at her watch. "Your date over awful early." She looked back at Julie. "What happened?"

Julie continued to lay on the bed with her face toward the ceiling. With one hand she shook the keys at Sharon.

"Who keys are these?" Sharon pulled them out of her hand to study them. "They aren't yours." She handed them back to Julie.

"Nope. They're Sam's. He left me at the theater."

"What?"

"You heard me." She sat up on the bed to face Sharon. "He left me at the theater."

Sharon unwrapped the towel from her head. A mass of wet blonde hair fell disorderly about her shoulders. She shook it out of her face. "Why, pray-tell, did he do that?"

"Believe it or not, his combat team were about to fight another team in the parking lot. He left me to go see if he could get them to take the fight elsewhere."

"Did they?" Sharon did not sound too surprised.

Sharon screwed her face up, "Yeah. After this one guy with a gold visor shot a red energy beam at another. They high-tailed the Hell out of there. And why ain't you surprised at what I'm saying?" She took a breath. "Why ain't you surprised that Bobby is an X-Man like I was surprised to find out about Sam?"

Sharon came to sit beside her friend. "Julie ..." she placed a hand on her friend's shoulder. "... I was curious, so I asked Bobby about his powers. He told me all about everything when I talked to him on the phone last night."

"Oh."

"Bobby turns to ice. His code name is Iceman. He also can manipulate moisture in the air and turn to water." Sharon combed through her tangled hair with her fingers. "What does Sam do?"

"He flies." She said nonchalantly.

"Cool."

"NO, No, no!" She pointed a finger at Sharon as she got up off the bed. "COOL is your guy" She spread her arms out like an airplane. ".... flying is mine." She laid a hand off to Sharon. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Bobby and I talked about it. We both agreed that it was not our place to tell you."

"But you are my best friend. Shouldn't that count for something?"

Sharon shook her head from side to side. She was really surprised at her attitude. "Julie, I thought I knew you better than this." She got up off the bed to follow her bewildered friend. "Surely you aren't prejudice and you know why I'm asking this?"

"No Sharon, but I'm a little put off that Sam did not tell me himself. I would have liked to known."

"Why? So you could turn him down flat before you got to know the real him?"

She shook her head, No. "No. I thought we had connected. I thought we trusted each other on a certain level."

Boy! Is she naieve. "Julie, you know better than anyone that you can't always trust people. For all Sam knew, you could have spit into his face when you found out."

"I'd never do that."

"Really? Then maybe you need to come clean with him too?"

Julie smiled. Darn! I hate it when she is nobler than I am. "He said he'd come pick up his car tomorrow, if he could." She shrugged. "Is it all right if I hang out here for a while? Mom and Dad will ask too many questions if I come back too quick."

"Sure thing." Sharon scratched her scalp vigorously. "As long as you help me untangle this mess."

"Deal."

Sharon came up close to Julie. She elbowed her in her side. "Now tell the truth?" She winked. "You know as well as I do that the X-Men are the most sought after men in this area. They have a reputation of being handsome, dangerous, powerful and mysterious." She smiled. "Now what are the chances of both of us landing one each?"

Julie laughed in spite of herself. "You're right. If this gets out, we'll be the envy of everyone at school."

Sharon put up the palm of her hand for a 'high-five.'

Julie giggled then returned to jesture to her crazy friend.

Chapter 7

Two days had passed since Sam had left Julie standing at the front of the Omniplex. They had manage to chase the Nasty Boys back to one of their hidden strong holds. Cyke said it was a "Jack Pot" discovery because it was one of Mr. Sinister's main laboratories where he kept a lot of stolen genetic material. Their mission had been for them to destroy the lab and take the Nasty Boys into custody. The mission had only been partly successful, because the renegade team got away, but the X-Men destroyed the lab. Leveling it to rubble in no time flat.

Now they approached home. The Blackbird banked then dove toward the concealed cliff in front of them. The automatic doors opened to receive them, closing, then camouflaging behind them.

Bobby notice that Sam hand not said much during the whole two days that they'd been gone. He'd kept to himself, only speaking during the battle and only then to warn a teammate of impending danger.

"Snap out of it man." Bobby slapped Sam on his back as they all taxied out of the plane.

"I can't help it Bobby." He frowned. "She must hate me by now?"

"Look Sam, if she can't see pass your Mutancie ..." He chose his words carefully. "... then ... maybe she's not the girl for you after all?"

Sam bristled, turning on Bobby, "How the Hell do you know so much?" He exclaimed.

Bobby ignored his attitude. "Sorry Sam, but I know you aren't mad at me. You are mad at yourself for not being honest with her from the start. You are also mad because I've said what you would not admit to

yourself."

Damn! He hit the mark! Sam's shoulder's drooped. "You're right."

"Look, go see her and find out. Stop beating yourself up." Bobby smiled. "Save that for the Nasty Boys when they strike revenge on us for toasting their hideout."

Sam laughed. "You've got an answer for everything, don't 'cha?"

Bobby smiled back at him then winked. "I try to."

Sam stood outside of Julie's door. Since she had the car, he'd gotten Bobby to drop him off on the way to Sharon's. He let out a long breath as he pressed the doorbell.

Angel Alexander opened the front door. "Hi Sam."

"Hello Angel. Is Julie Home? May I see her?"

"Sure, I'll get her." She stepped back into the doorway. "JULIE!!! SAM'S HERE!!!!" She screamed to the top of her lungs then turned back to smile at Sam devishly.

He laughed at the precocious little girl. Sam could hear muffled running footsteps in the house. Julie soon appeared behind her sister.

"Hi Sam." She said as she tried to catch her breath.

"Hi Julie." He smiled. "I've come for the car and the jacket." Sam looked down at Angel's anxious face. Is she going to stay to listen to all this?

Julie followed his gaze to her sister's smile. "Buzz off Angle!"

Angel balled her mouth at her older sibling. "My name is Angel!"

"No it isn't. Mom and Dad told you that so your feelings would not be hurt. It reads 'Angle' on your birth certificate."

"No it does not!"

"Yes it does! Go see!"

"MOM!!" Angel took off to find her mother to see if there was any proof to what her sister had just revealed to her.

Sam laughed. "That was not nice."

"I know, but she had it coming." She said as she stepped out onto the porch, closing the front door behind her.

The smile left from Sam's face as he followed Julie off the porch into the front yard. "Julie, we need to talk."

"Yes Sam. We do."

Chapter 8

They both started to talk at the same time. "I should've...." Started Sam. "Why didn't ..." Started Julie. They both stopped then smiled at each other.

"You first," said Sam.

"All right." Julie walked around to the side of the house, with Sam following, to a side patio area. She sat in the swining chair. "Sam, why didn't you tell me you could fly. I've been racking my brain, trying to guess what your power might be."

"I know, you're right." He came to sit beside her. "But can't you see my side of it Julie?" He turned toward her. "I was terrified that you'd judge me prematurely because of my power. I was half afraid you would like me for my powers then again I was half afraid you'd dislike me for them too." He looked away.

"Samuel Guthrie! I liked you from the moment I saw you at the resturant." She smiled. "I did not even know you were a Mutant then." He turned back around to face her. "As a matter of fact, I've been reading up on Mutancie and the X-Men." She cocked her head to oneside. "There's not much on the X-Men, but I found a lot of stuff a guy by the name of Charles Xaxvier had written about the 'X-factor' or extra the gene that Mutant's possess."

"Really?"

"Yes, I found it quite fascinating." She crinkled her nose. "Why wasn't there anything about the members of the X-Men? Can I meet them."

He shook his head. "I don't know about that?" She frowned. "It is because technically, we don't exist. We are a secret. Which means you can't tell anyone what I do or where I live."

"Oh."

"This is for my safety as well as the team's. We have powerful enemies, mutants as well as humans."

"Oh." She said with understanding. "I understand."

Sam took her hand in his, "This will also mean that if you continue to see me, you maybe taking a chance with your life."

"What?" He's got to be kidding.

"I'm serious." He shook his head, Yes. "So if you want to end this before it goes any further, I'll understand." He stood up to leave.

"Wait!" She grabbed his arm to stop his departure. "I have something to tell or show you Sam."

"You do? What?" I wonder what is she talking about?

Julie stood up in front of him. She looked from one direction to the other then she closed her eyes tight. She called on something deep within her. She hardly ever used it but she knew it was still there. There it is.

Sam watched as Julie Alexander faded from his sight completely. "Julie?" He felt when the weight of her body got up out of the chair where they sat. He watched as footsteps imprinted into the grass as she walked around the swing, then up behind him.

"Surprise!" She re-materialized with her hands over his eyes.

Sam was dumb struck. "You ... you ... van .. vanished?" He stuttered.

She stepped back. "Yelp and I can do this too." She leaned over to the tree near the patio. Instantly her skin changed to blend with the tree that she touched.

Sam sat in the swing amazed at what she had showed him. "Can you change to metals and alloys too?"

"Yes as long as it is not mechanically driven by any type of engine. It must be inanimate. But anything that is natural. I can even copy another person as long as they are my size." She chewed on her bottom lip. "I'm not too good with the latter."

"Can you maintain it for long?"

"No. Not for more than five minutes time."

"Are you a Alpha or Beta?"

"Well, I did not know until I read the stuff that, that guy Xavier had written. But I think I am an Alpha. It seems that my type of power can grow if I practice it more." She release the tree. Her skin instantly reverted back to its usual creamy soft beauty. "Can you do anything else, outsides fly?"

"No, not really. Except I'm sort of invulnerable when I fly and anyone flies along with me is also rendered invulnerable for the time we are in the air."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that my body and whoever else is with me can not be hurt. You are impervious to injuries."

"Cool. Do you have a code name like Bobby?"

He shook his head up and down. "Yes. My code name is Cannonball."

Well that made sense to Julie because she'd thought that, that is what he looked like when he flew. "It fits."

Sam got up from his seat to come stand in front of her. "Why didn't you tell me about your powers?"

"Sam, I'm not like you." She pouted as her mouth started to tremble. Water puddled in her eyes. "When my parents found out what I was when I turned twelve, they freaked. There was a big argument about my fitting into society. It nearly tore my family apart. So, it was agreed that I would not use my powers in public for any reason. No one knows except my immediate family, Sharon and you."

Sam grabbed her around her waist, "Does anyone else in your family have the "X" gene?"

"Yes. Angel has it, but her powers are still dormant. And my grandfather has it. He can move small objects with his mind. He doesn't ever use it though."

"Oh my, Julie." Sam could not believe what she'd told him or showed him. "You've shared something truly deep with me?" He pulled her close in his arms. "Thank you. I'm honored. Your secret is safe with me."

Julie let the tears run down her face as she laid her head against Sam's lower chest. She could hear his heart beating in a slow rythm beneath her ear.

He took one hand to lift her face up so he could look at her. Julie's lips parted as he lowered his mouth down to hers.

"Oh," she sighed.

Sam rocked his mouth gently against hers in a delicate exploration of her mouth.

Julie cocked her head to oneside as she brought her hands up behind his neck to pull him down to her. Wow!

The spell was broken when an anxious Angel ran out of the side patio door. "Hey! Stop slobbering on one another long enough to look at my birth certificate!" She shoved it in their faces as they pulled slightly apart from one another. "See, it says A.N.G.E.L, not A.N.G.L.E!" She spelled it out.

Sam and Julie laughed as they looked at Julie's exasperating little sister.

Cannonball marveled at how could he had been so lucky? The yearning he had envied Rogue for only a couple of days ago, was about to come to an end.

The End ----- Our First Date-Spoiler

Hello, this is Linda McWray here with a summary of my latest fan fic "Our First Date"

This story was a conclusion of the "Side Tracked" story line. I thought it was time that Sam and Julie actually hooked up for a date.

When I first started writing this one, I had no ideal how to end it. Then it occurred to me, why not twist the plot with a surprise

ending. Did you like the fact that Julie was a 'Closet Mutant'? She rarely used her powers to the point that no one knew she even had them except for a select few.

I'm still stumped with "Ya're What?" and "Which One is She?" And I still haven't made up my mind if I'm actually going to write "Better by Degrees." If this plot does not come to me soon, I may abandon it. Who knows? When I go out of town next week, I may come back renewed with other ideas for stories.

Anyhow, I hoped you liked it.

Until next time, Peace out and happy surfing.

sign: Linda McWray

----- Linda's
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End
file.